THE LILY.

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF WOMAN.

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THE LILY,

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Written for The Lily.

TRUTH.

Truth is earnest, truth is fearless, ever dwelling
in the light;
Still by Error's frowns undaunted, striving only
for the Right;—
Truth is strong and noble ever, and no power its
course may stay;
No dark mists of Persecution long can veil its
cheering ray.

If ye quench awhile its brightness, or obscure its
blessed light;
Still ye may not long enshroud it—Truth will
pierce through Error's night.
Where pale Superstition dwelleth, and the heart in
terror holds,
Where Oppression's gory banner yet fair Freedom's
form unfolds,—

Still will Truth, the bright sun-seeker, whisper in
the people's ear,
And no fetters long can bind them when that voice
of power they hear.
Its low whispers thrones have shaken—with a
start the tyrant woke—
And beheld a slumbering nation break the oppres-
sor's iron yoke.

Where time-honored old opinions long have held
tyrannic sway,
See how with unfalteriug footsteps Truth pursues
its onward way.
Ever be thy course triumphant, messenger of good
to man!
Many a heart with joy will greet thee, shelter thee
with liberal hand;

Soon around thy radiant forehead will Fame's lau-
rel wreath be twined—
Earnest hearts will break the shackles that control
the free-born mind.
Truth! how glorious is thy mission!—thus a world
to save and bless,
And in place of strife and envy, plant Love, Peace,
and Righteousness! CARRIE.

☞ At the sea-shore women bathe by themselves; they are clothed with a long robe which conceals them from their own looks; but in the evening you encounter at the balls these same women, just suffiiciently covered to cause the remark how little they are covered; so that they have the appearance of dressing to go to the bath, and of undressing to go to a ball.—*Monitor of Fashion.*

☞ Several cases have come up in Rossville, under the new Liquor Law, recently, and the parties were sent to jail for intoxication.

ONE OF OUR LEGAL FICTIONS.

[MRS. NORTON.]

The prayers were made, the benediction given, the bells rang out their lusty epithalamium, and by the law of the Church and the law of the land, Charlotte and Robert Desborough were henceforth one—one in interest, one in life. No chill rights or selfish individuality to sow disunion between them; no unnatural laws to weaken her devotion by offering a traitorous asylum against him; but, united by bonds none could break—their two lives welded together, one and indivisible forever—they set their names to that form of marriage, which so many have signed in hope, to read over for a long lifetime of bitterness and despair. Yet what can be more beautiful than the ideal of an English marriage! This strict union of interests—although it does mean the absorption of the woman's whole life in that of the man's—although it does mean the entire annihilation of all her rights, individuality, legal existence, and his sole recognition by the law—yet how beautiful it is in the ideal! She, as the weaker, lying safe in the shadow of his strength, upheld by his hand, cherished by his love, losing herself in the large being of her husband: while he, in the vanguard of life, protects her from all evil, and shields her against danger, and takes on himself alone the strife and the weary toil, the danger and the struggle. What a delightful picture of unselfishness and chivalry of devotedness and manly protection; and what sacrilege to erase so much poetry from the dry code of our laws!

Like all newly-married women, this woman would have looked with horror on any proposition for the revision of the legal poem. Liberty would have been desolation to her, and the protection of the laws she would have repudiated as implying a doubt of her husband's faith. She had been taught to believe in men, and to honor them; and she did not wish to unlearn her lesson. The profound conviction of their superiority formed one of the cardinal points of her social creed; and young hearts are not eager to escape from their anchorage of trust. She was a willing slave because she was a faithful worshipper; and it seemed to her but fit, and right, and natural, that the lower should be subservient to the will of the higher. For the first few weeks all went according to the brightness of her belief. The newly-bound epic was written in letters of gold and emblazoned in the brightest colors of youth, and hope, and love; and she believed that the unread leaves would continue the story of those already turned over, and that the glories of the future would be like to the glories of the past. She believed as others, ardent and loving, have believed; and she awoke, like them, when the bitter fruit of knowledge was between her lips, and the dead leaves of her young hopes strewed the ground at her feet.

The gold of the blazoned book was soon tarnished. Its turned leaves told of love, certainly; but of a love whose passion, when it was burned out, left no friendship or mental sympathy to keep alive the pale ashes. On the contrary, quarrels soon took the place of fading caresses, and bitter words echoed the lost sounds of fond phrases; no real heart-union wove fresh ties in place of the fragile bands which burnt like flax in their own fire; but, with the honeymoon died out the affection which ought to have lived through the hard probation of time, and suffering, and distress. It had been a love-match, but it was an ill-assorted match as well; and want of sympathy soon deepened into bitterness, and thence fell backward into hatred and disgust. The husband was a man of violent temper, and held supreme views on marital privileges. His wife, young, impassioned, beautiful and clever, was none the less his chattel; and he treated her as such. By bitter personal experience, he taught her that the law which gave him all but uncontrolled power over her as his property, was not always the duty of the strong to protect the weak, but might sometimes—even in the hands of English gentlemen—be translated into the right of the tyrant to oppress the helpless. From high words the transition to rough deeds was easy and natural. Matters grew gradually worse; quarrels became more bitter and more frequent, and personal violences increased. More than once she was in mortal fear, with marks of fingers on her throat, and cuts and bruises on her head; more than once relations interposed to save her from further violence. In these quarrels perhaps she was not wholly blameless. The rash passion of a high-spirited girl was not the temper best suited to such a husband's wife. Less imaginative and less feeling, she might have better borne the peculiar mode of showing displeasure to which he resorted; and had she been of a lower organization, she might have gained more power over a man who did not appreciate her intellect or the beauty of her rich nature. As it was—he, too violent to control his temper on the one side, she, too rash and eager to conceal her pain and disgust on the other—their unhappiness became public, and by its very publicity seemed to gain in strength. Friends interfered, many thronging about her; some, to advise patience; some resolution; some, to appeal to her wifely love, and others to her woman's dignity; and she, halting between the two, now consented to endure, and now resolved to resist. So, things went on in a sad, unhinged manner; outbreaks continually occurring, followed by promises of reformation and renewed acts of forgiveness; but no solid peace established, and no real wish to amend. Once she left the house, after a long and angry scene, during which he struck her, and that with no gentle hand either; and she would not return until heart-broken petitions and solemn engagements touched her woman's pity, and changed her anger into sorrow. She thought, too, of her own misdeeds; magnified the petty tempers and girlish impertinences which had been punished so severely; took herself to task, while the tears streamed from her dark eyes and steeped the black hair hanging on her neck, until at last imagination and repentance weighed down the balance of evil on her own side. And then he was her husband!—the father of her children, and once her lover so beloved! We all have faults, and we all need pardon, she thought; and so she forgave him, as she had done before, and returned submissively to his house. This was what the Ecclesiastical law calls condonation. And by this act of love and mercy she deprived herself of even the small amount of pro-

tection afforded by the law to English wives of the nineteenth century.

They now had three children who made up the sole summer time of her heart. Only those who know what sunshine the love of young and innocent children creates in the misty darkness of an unhappy life, can appreciate her love for hers—three bright, noble boys. How she loved them! How passionately and how tenderly! Their lisping voices charmed away her griefs, and their young bright eyes and eager love made her forget that she had ever cause for regret or fear. For their sakes she endeavored to be patient. Her love for them was too strong to be sacrificed even to her outraged womanhood; and that she might remain near them, and caress them, and educate them, she bore her trials now coming fast upon her, with forbearance, if not with silence.

But, matters came at last to a climax; though sooner and on different grounds than might have been expected. She and her husband parted on a trivial question of itself, but with grave results; a mere dispute as to whether the children should accompany their mother on a visit to one of her brothers, who was avowedly (very extraordinary that he should be so, after the married life she had led!) unfriendly to her husband. It was at last decided that they should not go, and after a bitter struggle. Far more was involved in this question than appears on the surface; her right to the management of her sons, even in the most trifling matters, was the real point of contention; the mother was obliged to yield, and she went alone; the children remaining at home with the father. The day after she left, she received a message from one of the servants to tell her that something was wrong at home; for, the children had been taken away, with all their clothes and toys, no one knew where. In a storm of terror and agony she gave herself up to the trace, and at last found out their hiding place, but without any good result. The woman who had received them, under the sanction of the father, refused to deliver them up to her, and met her prayers and remonstrances with insults and sarcasms. She was obliged to return, widowed and childless, to her sister's home in the country; like a wounded panther tearing at the lance in his side, a fearful mixture of love and beauty, and rage and despair. It was well that she did return to her sister's house instead of her own home, for, her husband, enraged at her persistence in visiting her brother against his consent, ordered the servants to refuse her admittance should she present herself, and "to open the house door only with the chain across."

After balancing between reconciliation and prosecution, a divorce suit was decided on by her husband; expressly undertaken "because his wife would not return to him." By this suit, he attempted to prove that an old friend and patron, to whom he owed his present position and his former fortune, was the seducer of his wife. But, the case broke down; and the jury, without leaving their box, gave a verdict in favor of the defendant; a gentleman of known honor and established reputation. The crowded court rang with cheers, such as it had rarely echoed to before, as the verdict was pronounced; friends in every degree of life, old friends and friends hitherto strangers, supported her with their warmest sympathy; and if the readiness of the world in general to be kindly honest, and to set right a proved wrong, could have acted directly upon the law, or could have essentially served her without its aid, she would have had ample redress. But it is the peculiar hardship of such a case that no aid but the aid of the law itself, remote and aloof, can give redress. The feelings may be soothed, but the wrongs remain.

And now began the most painful part of the sad epic, whose initiatory hymns had glided into a dirge; a dirge for ruined hopes and wasted youth, for a heart made desolate, and a home destroyed; a dirge for the shattered household gods and the fleetings of the fond visions of her heart.

The suit was ended, and the law had pronounced the accused wife innocent. But the law also pronounced the innocent mother without a claim to her own children. They were the father's property; absolutely and entirely. He placed them with his sister, a lady who shared his propensity for corporeal punishment; and who flogged the eldest child, a sensitive and delicate boy of six years old, for receiving and reading a letter from his mother. "To impress on his memory," she said, "that he was not to receive letters from her!" The yet younger was stripped naked, and chastised with a riding whip. Yet the law held back these children from their mother's love, and gave them to the charge of those who thought their education fitly carried on by such means. Time passed, and still the quarrel and the separation continued. By a small alteration in this same law of ours—this idol made by our hands, then deified and worshipped—she was at length permitted to see her boys. But only at stated times, and at certain hours, and in the coldest manner. It was her husband's privilege to deny her all maternal intercourse with her sons, and he stretched his privilege to the utmost. No touch of pity dissolved the iron bars of the law, and no breath of mercy warmed the breast of the husband and master. Against the decree of the law, what was the protesting cry of nature? A hollow whistling among the reeds of a sandy waste, which no man heeded—what no voice answered.

Years trailed wearily on. Long years of taming down her proud heart, laden almost beyond its strength; long years of battle with the wild sorrow of her childless life; long years when the mother's soul stood in the dark valley of death where no light and no hope were. But the criminal law swept on the beaten track, and no one stopped to ask over whose heart this great car of our Juggernaut passed. The mother—she to whom God has delegated the care of her young—she on whom lie shame and dishonor, if she neglect this duty for any self-advantage whatsoever; she, a man's wife, and a man's lawful chattel—had no right to those who had lain beneath her heart, and drunk of her life. The law in this respect is now changed; mainly, because this sufferer labored hard to show its cruelty. This misery inflicted upon her maternal love will be endured by no other English mother.

Pecuniary matters came in next, as further entanglement of this miserable web. By the marriage settlements a certain sum of money had been secured to the children; the principal of which, neither the husband nor his creditors could touch. It belonged to the children and the mother, emphatically and exclusively. After many years of separation, the husband applied to his wife for her consent to his raising a loan on this trust-fund for the improvement of his estate. She promised that consent, if he, on his part, would execute a deed of separation, and make her a certain allowance for life. Hitherto she had mainly supported herself by authorship. After the demur of reducing the allowance she proposed, the agreement was entered into; and she then gave her consent that a loan should be raised on the trust-fund for her husband's sole advantage. She received in exchange a deed drawn up and signed by a lawyer and her husband, securing her the stipulated five hundred pounds a year for life. Three years after, her mother died, and the husband inherited the life-interest of his wife's portion from the father. At the same time a legacy of almost five hundred a year, carefully secured from her husband by every legal hindrance possible, fell to her also from her mother. When her husband knew of this legacy, he wrote to her, telling her he would not now continue his former allowance, which had been secured, as she believed, by solemn legal agreement. She objected to this novel manner of benefitting by a legacy; and refused to entertain the proposition of a reduction. Her husband quietly told her that she must either consent to his terms, or receive nothing; when she urged the agreement, he answered her with the legal poetic fiction "that, by law, man and wife were one, and therefore could not contract with each other." The deed for which she had exchanged her power over the trust-fund was a mere worthless piece of paper.

This shameful breach of contract was followed by another law suit, where judgment was given in open court, to the effect not only that the agreement in her behalf, signed by her husband and a legal witness, was valueless according to that stanza of the married idyl which proclaims that man and wife are one—not only that she had no claim on the allowance of five hundred a year—but that her husband could also seize every farthing of her earnings, and demand as his own the copyrights of her works and the sums paid for them. No deed of separation had been executed between them, and no divorce could be sued for by *her*. For, she had once condoned or pardoned her husband, and had so shut herself out from the protection of the law.

And all this is in the laws; the laws which throw a woman helplessly on the mercy of her husband, make no ways of escape, and build no cities of refuge for her, and deliberately justify her being cheated and entrapped. All these are doings protected and allowed by our laws—and men stand by and say "It is useless to complain. The laws must be obeyed. It is dangerous to meddle with the laws!"

This is a true story; those who run may read it—have read it more than once, perhaps, before now. As an exemplification of some of the gravest wrongs of women, and as a proof how much they sometimes need protection even against those whose sworn office it is to cherish and support them, it is very note-worthy, indeed, in this country of Great Britain. Surely there is work waiting to be done in the marital code of England! Surely there are wrongs to be redressed and reforms to be made that have gone too long unmade! Surely we have here a righteous quarrel with the laws—more righteous than many that have excited louder cries.

Justice to women. The recognition of their individuality as wives, the recognition of their natural rights as mothers, the permission to them to live by their own honorable industry, untaxed by the legal Right and moral wrong of any man to claim as his own that for which he has not wrought—reaping where he has not sown, and gathering where he has not strewed. Justice to women. That is what the phrase means; this is where the thing is truly wanted; here is an example of the great injustice done to them, and of their maltreatment under the eyes of a whole nation by the Law.—*Household Words.*

LITTLE ALLIE.

The day was gloomy and chill. At the freshly-opened grave stood a little delicate girl of five years, the only mourner for the silent heart beneath. Friendless, hopeless, homeless, she had wept till she had no more tears to shed; and now she stood, with her scanty clothing fluttering in the chill wind, pressing her little hands tightly over her heart, as if to still its beating.

"It's no use fretting," said the rough man, as he stamped the last shovelfull of earth over all the child had left to love. "Fretting won't bring dead folks to life. Pity you hadn't got no cousins somewheres to take you. It's a tough world, this 'ere, I tell ye. I don't see how ye're going to weather it. But I'll take ye round to Mrs. Fetherbee's; she's got a power of children, and wants a hand to help her, so come along. If you cry enough to float the ark, it won't do you no good." Allie obeyed him mechanically, turning her head every few minutes to take another look where her mother lay buried.

The morning sun shone in upon an underground kitchen in the crowded city. Mrs. Fetherbee, attired in a gay-colored cotton dress, with any quantity of tinsel jewelry, sat sewing some showy lace on a cheap pocket-handkerchief. A boy of five years was disputing with a little girl of three about an apple; from big words they had come to hard blows; and peace was finally declared at the price of an orange a-piece and a stick of candy—each combatant "putting in" for the biggest.

Poor Allie, with pale cheeks and swollen eyelids, was staggering up and down under the weight of a mammoth baby, who was amusing himself by pulling out at intervals little handfuls of her hair.

"Quiet that child, can't ye?" said Mrs. Fetherbee, in no gentle tone. "I don't wonder the darling is cross to see such a solemn face. You must get a little life into you somehow, or you won't earn the salt to your porridge here. There, I de-

clare you've half put his eyes out with those long curls dangling round. Come here, and have 'em cut off; they don't look proper for a charity child," and she glanced at the short stubby crops on the heads of the little Fetherbees.

Allie's lips quivered as she said, "Mother used to love to brush them smooth every morning. She said they were like little dead sister's; please don't," said she beseechingly.

"But I tell you I do please to cut 'em off; so there's an end of that!" said she, as the severed ringlets fell in a shining heap on the kitchen floor. "And do, for creation's sake, stop talking about dead folks. And now eat your breakfast if you want it; I forgot you had'nt had any. There's some of the children's left; if you're hungry, it will go down; and if you ain't, you can go without."

Poor Allie! the daintiest morsel wouldn't have "gone down." Her eyes filled with tears that wouldn't be forced back; and she sobbed out; "I must cry if you beat me for it, my heart pains me so bad."

"H-i-t-y, t-i-t-y! What's all this?" said a broad-faced rosy milkman as he set his shining can down on the kitchen-table. "What's all this, Mrs. Fetherbee? I'd as lief eat pins and needles as hear a child cry. Who is she?" he asked, pointing to Allie, "and what's the matter with her?"

"Why, the long and the short of it is, she's a poor pauper that we've taken in out of charity, and she's crying at her good luck, that's all," said the lady, with a vexed toss of her head. "That's the way benevolence is always rewarded. Nothing on earth to do here, but tend the baby and amuse the children, and run to the door, and wash the dishes, and dust the furniture, and tidy the kitchen, and go of a few errands. Ungrateful little beggar!"

Jemmy's heart was as big as his farm and that covered considerable ground. Glancing pitifully at the little weeper, he said skilfully, "That child is going to be sick, Mrs. Fetherbee, and then what are you going to do with her? Besides, she's too young to be of much use to you. You'd better let me take her."

"Well, I shouldn't wonder if you was half right," said the frightened woman. "She's been trouble enough already. I'll give her a quit claim."

"Will you go with me, little maid?" said Jemmy, with a bright good-natured smile.

"If you please," said Allie, laying her little hand confidingly in his rough palm.

"Sit up closer," said Jemmy, as he put one arm round her to steady her fragile figure as they rattled over the stony pavement. "We shall soon be out of this smoky old city. Consarn it! I always feel as if I was poisoned every time I come into town. And then we'll see what sweet hay-fields, and new milk, and clover-blossoms, and kind hearts will do for you, you poor little plucked chicken! Where did you come from when you came to live with that old Jezebel?"

"From my mother's grave!" replied Allie.

"Poor thing! poor thing!" said Jemmy, wiping away a tear with his coat sleeve. "Well, never mind. I wish I hadn't asked you. I'm always running my head agin a beam. Do you like to feed chickens, hey? Did you ever milk a cow, or ride on top a hay-cart, or go a berrying? Do you love bouncing red apples, and plums as big as your fist? It shall go hard if you don't have 'em all. What's come of your hair child? Have you had your head shaved?"

"Mrs. Fetherbee cut it off?" said Allie.

"The old vixen! I wish I'd come a little quicker. Was it your curls them young'uns was playing with? Well, never mind," said he, looking admiringly at the sweet face before him; "you don't need 'em; and they might get you looking in the glass oftener than was good for you."

"Well, here we are, I declare; and there stands my old woman in the door-way, shading her eyes from the sun. I dare say she wonders where I found you."

"Look here, Betsey; do you see this child? The earth is fresh on her mother's grave!—She has neither kith nor kin. I've brought her from that old skinflint of a Fetherbee's, and here she is. If you like her, it's well and good, and if you don't she'll stay here just the same. But I know you will!" said he coaxingly, as he passed his brawny arm round her capacious waist. "And now get her something that will bring the color to her cheeks; for mind you, I'll have no white slaves on my farm."

How sweetly Allie's little tired limbs rested on the fragrant lavender sheets. A tear lingered on her cheek, but its birth was not of sorrow. Jemmy pointed it out to his wife as they stood looking at her before retiring to rest.

"Never forget it, Betsey," said he. "Harsh words ain't for the motherless. May Heaven forget me, if she ever hears one from my lips!"

FANNY FERN.

Written for The Lily.

WOMAN'S SPHERE—WHAT IS IT?

BY E. B.

At this time, when so much is being said on the subject of opening a broader field of labor for woman, I beg the privilege of making a few remarks upon this subject.

I have to refer back but a short period of time, to find women excluded from the privileges of education; and when one dared brave public opinion and claim that privilege, you very well know the result. The same cry was raised that we hear now when a woman dares to step out of the prescribed circle—"Out of her sphere!" &c. Finally it was discovered that woman could be educated without her "delicacy and refinement" sustaining any serious injury; therefore she has been allowed *some* of the privileges of education—not all; to this day if she dare assert her right to *all*, the same objections are raised. Thus was her sphere widened.

It was found that she was capable of writing; and after the stigma attached to the appellation of "literary women" was removed, female authors appeared before the world, who well compared with authors of the other sex.

Many assert that woman is not man's equal in strength of mind. I say to all such—let them prove it. Has her strength of mind not proved sufficient to the accomplishment of all she has yet undertaken? Most assuredly it has; and who dare make the assertion that she is not competent to perform all she shall hereafter undertake? Cannot woman judge of her own capacity as well as man for her? But it is not man alone who makes this assertion; there are many women who say the same thing. To all such I would say—taking their own estimate of themselves—I presume *they* are not; but I do not wish them to judge others by themselves.

Basing my remarks upon the, to me, self-evident fact of woman's equality with man, I wish to say a few words on the question that is now being agitated. Shall woman's sphere be proscribed to its hitherto narrow limits, and she be excluded from many occupations for which she is qualified, but which are now monopolized by men, merely on account of her sex?

When we look around us, when we see the degradation, the misery on every side of us, when we cast our eyes to the dens of poverty, wretchedness and crime, when we see the friendless female toiling

> "With fingers weary and worn,
> With eyelids heavy and red,

for the mere pittance that is the only support of herself and offspring; and when we see thousands of such females, driven to the last extremity, sell themselves body and soul to support life, we are led to exclaim, there is wrong somewhere; something must be done! And what is that something? Would not a broader field of labor for woman remedy in a great degree this evil? The loom and wheel, the means of employment for women in olden times, over which men sometimes get very eloquent, have been superceded by machinery; and the needle, speaking generally, is destined to share their fate. Where then, will the large class of females who depend entirely for support upon the small wages earned by sewing, look for means of living?

To answer the question; there are many occupations that are as appropriate for women as men But a short time ago, a great discovery was reported to have been made; it was this: that women could set type as well as men. Some believed it, others doubted it; some positively denied it; while others waited patiently for the thing to be proved. Some few offices engaged girls as compositors. The journeyman printers, as a general thing, opposed this measure—"it would throw them out of business." So they said; but is this the case? I think not, provided women are allowed the same wages as men. And why should they not be? Many papers hailed the introduction of women into printing offices with pleasure; not from any wish to benefit the sex, but for the openly avowed reason of being able to engage her services for a less compensation than man's. I repeat the question—why should not her wages be the same as those of the other sex? She makes as good a compositor, her labor is worth as much, and the wages received by journeymen are none too large now. The same wages *may* be received by women, if all, throughout the country, will refuse to work for a less compensation.

There is a place that I think *decidedly* out of *man's* sphere, and comes as I think, within woman's; namely; behind the counter in a dry goods store, handling calicos, silks, ribons and laces; and I would advise gentlemen not to prate about, "woman out of her sphere," until they themselves step back into their own, by resigning all such employments, which are without a question strictly feminine.

There have been other great discoveries made which have caused some surprise, and not a little tumult and clamor about the loss of "womanly delicacy and dependence," and called forth various definitions as to what is "woman's sphere," which clamor &c., vividly reminds us of the age to which we referred you in the beginning of this article.

Woman appearing before the world as a physician, was one of the events that caused this excitement. True, we have always been told by those most opposed to "woman's rights," that her place was

> ——"beside the couch of pain,
> To soothe and cheer the lonely heart,
> And bring it back to peace again."

I could quote page after page of such poetry if it were necessary; but when she prepares herself for that post, that she may be enabled to discharge her duty aright, then they raise their hands and eyes in horror; and you would suppose by their ejaculations, that by thus qualifying herself, she has rendered herself totally unfit to discharge any duty that devolves upon her sex, and is therefore entirely unworthy to bear the name of woman.

Again, she has entered the pulpit as a minister of the Gospel. This creates still more horror. I suppose that persons who are opposed to this, regard the truths which are proclaimed from thence as of less importance than the one who proclaims them; and if said one chance to be a woman, these truths lose their effect. We are reminded oft of woman's influence for good in private, but would suppose by this reasoning that when that influence is exerted in public, it loses its effet. Good logic, isn't it?

One fact we have forgotten to notice, which is one of great importance—the advent of woman upon the stand as a public speaker. The same persons who oppose this, will go evening after evening to hear sentiments and truths *sung* by women, and not the thought of there being impropriety in it, enters their heads; but when the same truths and sentiments are *spoken* in public by women, they raise objections.

If the Creator has given woman the faculty of public speaking, who shall deny her the right to make use of that faculty for the benefit of humanity? Methinks the person who does this, sets himself in opposition to the Deity. In the Bible we read the parable of the servants, with each of whom the master intrusted a certain number of talents; and each as he made use of those talents was rewarded accordingly. Think you if the servant with whom he intrusted the ten talents had not improved the whole of those ten talents, would he have received so great a reward? And when we let any of the faculties that are given us remain idle—when we do not improve them for the benefit of our fellow-men, are we not virtually burying the talent?

THE LILY.

MOUNT VERNON, OHIO, JULY 1, 1854

☞ The subscriptions of many of The Lily subscribers expire about this time. We hope they will all renew and send along a goodly number of names to keep them company.

PROGRESS.

Among all the opponents of woman's enfranchisement there has been none more uniform and untiring in its opposition than Harper's New Monthly Magazine. Possessing an influence second to none in the country—sending forth not less than a hundred thousand copies of their work monthly—the publishers have seemed to take pride in placing it at the head of that class of conservative publications which have uniformly denied that woman has any just cause for complaint with existing regulations of society, whether social, civil or political. It has again and again said in effect that woman was made to serve her lord and master, man—that by marriage her individuality was rightfully lost in his, and her legal existence ended—that by it her property was of right transferred to his pocket, and her mind, and soul almost, as well as her body was placed under his guardianship. It has stoutly affirmed that woman's true place was in the kitchen and the nursery, and her highest glory in yielding implicit obedience to the requirements, and listening with blind confidence to the teachings of her husband, who in all things should be the head of the wife!

Even on points which the world, or the better part of it, seems to be agreed that woman's complaints are just, Harper remains as firmly as ever in the opposition. He believes that woman has enough to do already and needs no wider field of usefulness or employment. He does not want women to be either book-keepers, clerks, printers, jewellers, or to fill the hundred other occupations for which they are fitted—but he exclaims, "give us gentlewomen who believe in milliners, and know the art of needlework, who can sew on buttons and make baby clothes"—as if these were the highest and only duties for which woman is fitted! (He does not tell us what the thousands of women who have neither husbands, homes or babies should do. Such, according to Harper, have no business in the world and should leave as soon as possible.)

Again, it is generally admitted that the "art of healing" is one which peculiarly belongs to woman—for which she is by nature eminently qualified, and that she should therefore have ample opportunities afforded her for its attainment; and accordingly Medical Colleges are being opened to her in all parts of the country. But to this also Harper puts in a negative. He declares that it is "not necessary" that women should be physicians. He thinks too that it would be "dangerous"—that a handsome doctor "under forty" would be more troublesome to the peace of mind than beneficial to the body of the patient. He says; "It might be very delightful to be cured by a beautiful young woman instead of a crabbed old man, yet for prudence sake we should recommend most wives and mothers to send for the crabbed old man when their husbands or sons are ill, and to be particularly cautious of feminine M. Ds. in general." (For prudence sake we recommend Harper to send for a crabbed old woman when his wife or daughter is ill, and to be particularly cautious of handsome young masculine M. Ds. in general.)

And yet even Harper shows signs of relenting. It is said to be hard to resist a good cause, and so the enemies of Woman's Rights are beginning to find out. Of the truth of this we have a notable example in the very article from which the above extracts are taken. That article commences with these words, "No one denies the fact that women have wrongs." Yes, but you have denied it over and over again, Mr. Harper—and the whole of the argument in this very number goes to sustain such denial. But notwithstanding your argument against Woman's Rights you are compelled to admit she has "wrongs." And what are those "wrongs" which you say "no one denies?" Here they are taken from the middle of your article against her. "*Women have grave social and legal wrongs. * * * The laws which deny the individuality of a wife under the shallow pretence of a legal lie; which award different punishments for the same vice; the laws which class women with infants and idiots, and which they neither extend or act on; these are the real and substantial wrongs of women.*" So says Harper's Magazine, and we wish to put the admission on record. These, so far as they go, are the very wrongs of which the advocates of Woman's Rights have been complaining, and which they now insist must be righted. They have said that the individuality of the wife should not be extinguished by marriage, and that the attempt to do so was in truth a "legal lie." They have said that man and woman should be amenable to the same punishments—and that to class women with infants and idiots was an outrage upon her of which man should be ashamed to be guilty, and to which she should never submit.

True, there are other wrongs of which woman complains, but if we can right these a great point will be gained. Secure to woman, for instance, her individuality after marriage, and she will of necessity be entitled to the control of her property, to the management of her children and the disposition of her own person. Class her no longer with infants and idiots and she will at once be entitled to the same rights, the same privileges and the same voice in the affairs of society as any of its more favored members. And if it be true that woman has "grave legal and social wrongs," is it not also true that she has a right to labor for their removal? Must she forever suffer on and never raise her voice in remonstrance or entreaty against them? The very existence of a wrong gives to her the right to labor for its redress—and to labor too in that way which is most likely to work out a cure. She must bring people to see the extent of these wrongs, their great injustice to her, and the crushing influence they exert upon her happiness—and not upon her happiness only, but upon the happiness of the race. And she must do this in the same way in which others labor for the removal of their grievances—by enlightening and influencing public opinion. The press is one of the instruments she may lawfully use; the lecture room is another, and the pulpit still another. And thus we claim for woman the widest field of labor in the great reform in which she is engaged. And this field she is entitled to occupy from the simple fact admitted by her opponents, that she has "grave legal and social wrongs" to redress.

☞ A large number of sewing machines are in full operation in this city.. They do the work of many a busy hand. As they increase, what will those do who have heretofore depended upon their needles for their livelihood? This is a serious question—one that affects a very large and worthy class. Who will answer it?—*Utica Tel.*

We will answer it. Men having taken up the business of doing the sewing by machinery, those who have heretofore depended upon their needles for a livelihood will be compelled to enter upon employments hitherto claimed as belonging exclusively to men. As the men have entered upon woman's sphere and taken her employments out of her hands, it is her right to enter upon his, and choose such occupation as may suit her fancy, and such as may promise to be most profitable. By the introduction of sewing machines, and by entering the millinery and other branches of business formerly engrossed by women, men are bringing about the very thing which the advocates of woman's rights desire to see. Women must seek new fields of employment, or they must starve. Some may prefer the latter to going beyond what is called their sphere; but the majority will have the courage and independence to take what of right belongs to them, and will enter upon various employments for which they have the capacity. It will be no strange thing to see within a few years, women merchants, women book-keepers, women shoe-makers, women cabinet-makers, women jewellers, women book-sellers, women type-setters, women editors and publishers, women farmers, women physicians, women preachers, women lawyers &c., &c. Already there are some engaged in nearly or quite all these occupations and professions, and as men crowd them out of their old places the numbers will increase. It is well that is so. Woman has long enough stitched her health and life away, and it is merciful to her that sewing machines have been invented to relieve her of her toilsome, ill-paid labor, and to send her forth into more active and more lucrative pursuits where both body and mind may have the exercise necessary to health and happiness.

Men are aiding to forward the Woman's Rights movement by crowding women out of their old places. Women will be the gainers by the change, and we are glad to see them forced to do what their false education and false delicacy have prevented their doing in times past. Let them engage in just what they please, provided it is honorable, without fear of transcending the bounds of their sphere, and very soon public sentiment will not only accord them the right, but will award them praise for their energy and perseverance.

☞ Mrs. Gage sends us another letter from Iowa. She seems to be charmed, as most travelers are, with that new but rapidly growing State. We hope the liberality of its people will enable her to secure a fine farm for herself as a reward for her labors in the field of reform; not one of the cultivated ones of which she writes, as that would be asking too much, and take more money than a woman could earn—but one of "Uncle Sam's" cheaper ones, which can be obtained for a trifle, and which she can soon cultivate and improve so that it will rival in beauty and value those over which she has been traveling. That would indeed be lecturing to some purpose.

Secure the farm, "Aunt Fanny," and then when we learn its whereabouts we may locate ours along side of it.

Alex. Hunter, The Lily and the Winchester women.

The Anti-Slavery *Bugle* of June 10th contains a long article written by one Alex. Hunter, of Berlin Heights, which is designed to be very severe upon the women of Winchester who made war upon the liquor dens, and upon us for sustaining them in the good work. He talks of "woman's boasted *moral* power," and asks what has become of that, if she must attack the foe with "hatchets." We answer, woman's moral power lies where it ever has in regard to this question—buried up and smothered under a load of legal enactments, and the selfishness and physical power of men. What care our legislators, our liquor sellers and liquor drinkers for woman's "*moral* power?"

Again he says: "If it be a 'good work' in women, to cultivate the lower passions of their nature, and give full rein to their combativeness and destructiveness, then the *Lily* is right, and women ought to club together, make exciting speeches, arm themselves with weapons, and proceed to the work of destruction."

Rather say if it be a good work in woman to cultivate the higher and more ennobling traits of human character—if it be a virtue in her to train up the immortal minds committed to her care in all purity and fit them to become great and good—if it be her duty to guard them from temptations and to keep far from them all contaminating influences—to shield them from that which will corrupt and destroy, and lure them on step by step to vice and crime—to the gallows and the drunkard's grave—if all this be hers to perform, and if she is accountable to Him who has enjoined this duty upon her for the manner of its discharge, then let her make speeches, let her petition, let her demand—aye let her arm herself with weapons if she will, that she may go forth to destroy the great destroyer who has so long rioted on her happiness, so often despoiled her of her treasures, and brought sighing and sorrow, desolation and ruin, wretchedness, despair and death to her home and hearthstone.

Should a woman see her child in danger of falling from some dizzy height—or were her house on fire and he in danger of being consumed, or had he fallen into the river, or were he assailed by some ferocious animal or some wicked big boy, would Mr. Hunter bid her exert her *moral* power to save him, and tell her that she must not use her physical power because it would "cultivate the lower passions of her nature and give full rein to her combativeness and destructiveness?"

No woman would be justified in remaining passive when she saw her child in such danger, if she were able to scream, to run, to climb, or to deal out heavy blows upon the assailant, should that be necessary; and we should have no fears that such an act would cultivate the lower passions of her nature. If then it be right for a woman to rescue her child from other impending danger, why is it not right for her to snatch him from the clutches of a monster more cruel—from a grasp more deathly—from a fate more terrible than any other that can be conceived of? If it be right for her to resort to physical power to rescue him from a watery grave, then it is right to resort to the same power to save him from the drunkard's grave. If it be right for her to "sally forth with a bludgeon or an axe" to slay the serpent that has coiled itself about him and is about crushing out his life, then it is right to sally forth with the same weapons to slay the serpent *alcohol*, which has bound him in its iron grasp and is sucking out his life blood and converting him into a madman—a loathesome, reeling mass of corruption on whom rests the curse of the Almighty.

Ah! it is indeed a good work when women arm themselves for the destruction of such a monster, and we would sooner our right arm should be palsied than we raise our pen to condemn them in so righteous a cause.

We have not room to follow Mr. Hunter through all his silly sayings on "Woman's Rights" and "Anti-Woman's Rights," "Spartan ladies," "elections" &c., but must simply say we see no particular reason why women who have the moral courage to beard in his den a monster that has just slain a husband and father and caused sorrow and desolation to rest upon the home and hearts of the widow and the orphan, are for that reason disqualified from exerting a moral influence at an election, or from voting for law-makers who shall give us laws that will root out and destroy the source of untold evil and suffering. We should have no fears to trust the "Winchester women" at the polls, and we doubt not their influence would be so "softening" that it would tend to purify and elevate public sentiment to such an extent that Winchester would be purified, not only of its liquor dens, but also of all such sensitive, modest, ladylike conservatives as Alex. Hunter.

☞The Capital City Fact, says a "respectable lady" of Columbus was taken to the dungeon in that city, at the instigation of her husband, for indulging too freely of the bottle.—*Ex.*

A *respectable* lady! Well, that is the first time we ever heard a drunken woman called respectable! *Drunk*, and *in a dungeon* and yet "respectable!" Wonder if Columbus can boast of many ladies of so respectable standing? If it is considered respectable there for ladies to get drunk, we see not why they must be locked in a dungeon for it. That is a place not usually tenanted by respectable people; nor are people put there for doing respectable things. Oh! it was done at the instigation of her husband! Wonder if he is a teetotaller? If he is he probably does not agree with the Capital City Fact about the respectability of "indulging too freely in the bottle." Whether he is or not, it is an act of tyranny and an unwarrantable assumption of man's rights for him to treat a "respectable lady" in such a manner. But as the law gives him the control over her person we suppose he has a right to lock her up if he pleases, notwithstanding her respectability. We hope she will in turn exercise Woman's rights so far as to shut him up in a dungeon, under the new liquor law, the first time he dares to touch "the bottle."

Pity the law couldn't be brought to bear upon a few more respectable lady drunkards—and respectable gentlemen drunkards too—and shut them in a dungeon till they could learn in what real respectability consists. The so-called "respectable ladies"—the upper-ten drunkards, are in our view decidedly vulgar, and should be classed in public estimation with the drunken occupant of the Irish shanty or the frequenter of the low drunkery. They are even worse than these, inasmuch as their influence is greater.

Please, Mr. Fact, when you talk about women drunkards and tipplers place them where they belong, and not call them "respectable ladies." It is a slander upon the sex to intimate that they can be wine-bibbers and respectable at the same time.

"We shall not soon forget the pleasure afforded us by the Harford celebration, when attended by a committee of six women costumed in blue silk bodices, and white skirts and trousers, we headed a long procession, and marched to the grove, keeping step to the music of the fife and drum. All passed off most happily, and we felt perfectly at ease in our novel position as orator of the day.—*Mrs. Bloomer's Lily.*

☞So! so! Mrs. BLOOMER. You've grabbed the breeches, 'pressed the drum and fife, and will next seize the musket! "Man's occupation" is about stepping out! He may yield with the Moor, and with him say

"Farewell the plumed troop, and the big wars,
Farewell the neighing steed, and the shrill trump,
The spirit-stirring drum, the ear-piercing fife,
The royal banner; and all quality,
Pride, pomp and circumstance of glorious war!
Farewell! MAN'S occupation gone!"

Well, we wish you may have a pleasant time of it, ladies. But it strikes us forcibly that you will be very glad to get back to the petticoats again, and we advise that when you visit any place and join in procession, do so with womanly modesty, and not employ the drum and fife to herald your coming. You can't get along without the men, and the less of the masculine you assume the more will they regard you. Man loathes anything of the "HE KIND" in woman.—*Newark Times.*

Ha, ha, ha! What a terrible agitation we have called up among the editors by alluding to the good time we had at the Harford celebration last year. They are all in a tremble lest we shall gain a share of the glory usually appropriated by themselves and take away their occupation entirely! It will be amusing to our Harford friends to read the above, and to see what a quaking we have caused in the conservative camp.

We did indeed "have a pleasant time of it," Mr. *Times*, and we doubt not the ladies who are to take the same part this year will have an equally pleasant time. Some two thousand people, men and women, congregated at the church and there formed a procession and marched to a grove half a mile distant, where a platform had been raised and tastefully decorated with flowers and evergreens. We, as the honored guest and orator, were placed at the head of the procession and given the highest seat on the platform, where we were surrounded by prominent and distinguished advocates of temperance. "Man's occupation" was not entirely gone, for one of the masculines was honored by being appointed to read the Declaration of Independence. Music, both vocal and instrumental interspersed the exercises. A "loud-mouthed cannon" was stationed near by, and at stated intervals its thunder reverberated through the woods. The flag of our country waved to the breeze from the top of a tall hickory pole—and what to some was probably considered best of all, a good dinner was spread in an orchard near by, to which all adjourned after the exercises at the grove. Speeches and toasts from both gentlemen and ladies followed the dinner—after which some betook them to their respective homes, while others repaired to the ball-room and finished up their Independence by a dance.

It will doubtless surprise the editors of the Newark *Times* and Zanesville *Aurora* to learn that we retained our "petticoats" and our "womanly modesty" through all this, and gained for ourself the regards and good wishes of the masculines as well as the feminines who congregated on the occasion.

To relieve the *Times* of a part of his anxiety we will say that we had nothing to do with "employing the drum and the fife." That part was left to man. We only did the talking, and—pocketed a large roll of bank notes which was tendered us by the gentlemanly Marshal of the day.

FASHIONS.

The Fashion editor of the New York *Mirror* concludes an article on fashion as follows:

"It would be a noticeable and charming reform in our ladies in costuming, were they to imitate the Parisiennes and wear fewer furbelows and flounces in the street. Also if they would more trimly stocking and gaiter their feet. Our belles should furthermore leave street-sweeping to the proper authorities."

Wonder how the Mirror editor knows anything about the stockings and gaiters of the ladies! It is certain that their feet are seldom seen, and was there no other evidence of their having such appendages than that of the eyes, one might be led to suppose that they were sustained in an upright position solely by their clothes. The "street-sweepers" answer well as a screen for any lack of "trimness" there may be, and he of the *Mirror* must have very prying eyes, if in the occasional glimpse of the toe of a gaiter he has discovered anything untidy or holey. We cannot speak with any certainty of this part of the costume of the ladies in this section, but in the absence of evidence to the contrary are bound to defend them from the attack of the *Mirror*, and to inform him that his hint is uncalled for.

But in the matter of the "flounces and furbelows," we fully agree with the *Mirror*. Whatever may be the extent to which this fashion is carried in the city of New York, it cannot, we believe, go beyond the cities of the west. Here "flounces and furbelows" are the rage. Every kind of material, from a six-penny calico to the most costly silk, is loaded with broad ruffles till the wearer looks as though she must sink under the burthen. And they are worn too by all classes alike. There is no distinguishing the poor girl who works hard for two and six pence a day from the wife and daughter of the possessor of thousands. Each tries to outdo the other in the show and extravagance of her dress. The appearance of these loaded dresses when on the street is burthensome, and the flapping and twisting, caused by their extreme weight and fullness, is anything but genteel and pretty, in our estimation. However suitable the heavily flounced and trailing skirt may be for the parlor or the fashionable party, it certainly is not in good taste for the dirty street; and since American ladies are so ambitious to follow the fashions set by the ladies of Paris, it is surprising that they have so far departed from them in this particular.

We believe the western ladies outdo those of the east in the extravagance of their dress. This certainly is true so far as relates to street costume. We noticed this fact directly on coming to Ohio, and were frequently reminded of it during our recent visit to different sections of New York. During our stay of over three weeks in that State we did not see as many flounced dresses in the streets in the whole time as may usually be seen in Mount Vernon in one day, and especially on Sunday. This difference would seem to indicate the independence of the western ladies, and shows that they do not go to the ladies of the east for their fashions, or if they do, that they claim the right of outdoing them in the quantity of material used, and otherwise departing from them at their pleasure. The "street-sweeping," however, is carried to about the same extent both east and west. There seems to be perfect concert of action among the ladies in this particular, in all parts of the country; and it is no novel sight, go where you will, to see ladies' dresses turned into dirty mops after a storm.

But we like to see everybody do about as they please, therefore we have no fault to find with the ladies who are so in love with flounces and trailing skirts. So long as we are relieved of the task of carrying them about, we are quite willing that those who choose, should submit their backs to the burthen; and we shall not feel at all hurt if our opinion and the suggestions of the *Mirror* are disregarded.

There cannot be a more deplorable spectacle than that of woman forgetting the dignity of her nature, to enter the arena of physical warfare. However just, apparently, the cause in which she may be engaged, she ought never to forget that her greatest power consists in *love*. her greatest victories are to be achieved by *love*.—*Alexander Hunter.*

How soothing to the mother who sees her son beset by a ferocious dog, to be told that "however just the cause,' it would be a "deplorable spectacle" for her to so far forget her dignity" as to attempt to save her child by "physical warfare!" How consoling to be assured that "her greatest power consists in *love*," and that if she only *loves*, she will achieve a greater victory over the dog by looking lovingly at him as he tears her child to pieces, than she could possibly do by taking a club and knocking him in head.

How consoling to the weary, wretched wife of the drunkard, who has patiently and uncomplainingly borne her sad lot, toiling and struggling on from day to day to earn the crusts which keep soul and body together, till all hope is crushed out of her, to be told that her great power consists in "*love*" —her greatest victory is to be achieved by "*love*?" How it will nourish and warm her children—how it will dry up their tears and assuage their sorrows—how it will guard them from falling into the snares laid for their feet, if she only look lovingly upon the destroyer of their happiness, the despoiler of their property, the serpent who has brought a curse upon them all! It would be a "deplorable spectacle" to see this woman who has suffered more than a thousand deaths, who is degraded to a level with the outcast and abandoned, stripped of husband, property and children, "forgetting the dignity of her nature to enter the arena of physical warfare" against the greatest foe to the happiness of mankind.

There is nothing deplorable in the spectacle of a woman living in poverty, rags and filth—the slave to a loathesome, beastly wretch, bearing his blows and curses, and listening to his oaths and blasphemies—nothing sufficiently deplorable in all this to justify her in trying her physical power upon the whisky barrels that contain the cause of all this suffering—this moral and physical degradation. Oh, no! though by that means she might restore plenty, peace and happiness to thousands, and save from eternal death many precious souls, she must withhold her hand for it would be "forgetting the dignity of her nature" and causing the most "deplorable spectacle" imaginable. No, no ye wives, ye mothers, ye sisters, ye daughters, ye must make no efforts to destroy the poison which is sapping the life blood of those near and dear to you; your greatest power consists in "*love*." Sit you down and "*love*" with all your might, and you will achieve a glorious victory! So says Alex. Hunter.

Water Cure and Phrenological Journals.—A new volume of these highly popular Journals commences with July 1st. Now is the time to subscribe.

THE 4TH.

Henry Ward Beecher is to address the citizens of Painesville, O., on the 4th inst. The people of adjoining counties are invited to join in the demonstration.

Carrie D. Filkins is to be the orator of the day at South Edmeston, N. Y.; and Emily Clark at Greenfield, N. Y. Of course these places celebrate on temperance principles.

There is to be a grand temperance rally at Winchester, Ind., on the 4th. A general turn out from Randolph and adjoining counties is expected. The Sons of Temperance, Temple of Honor, Good Templars, and Cadets will be out in regalia. Several speakers are engaged.

We have received a cordial and earnest invitation to take part in the proceedings at Winchester, but fear we shall not be able to do so.

There is to be an Anti-Slavery demonstration at Salem, O., on the 4th. The whole country are invited to attend and take part in the proceedings.

Rev. E. H. Chapin will deliver an oration at the Crystal Palace on the 4th,

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I. O. OF G. T.

A lodge was instituted at Mt. Liberty, in this county, on the afternoon of the 21st ult., with twenty-five charter members, by District Deputy Dexter C. Bloomer, assisted by the officers of Star of Hope lodge of this city. John Inscho was elected W. C. T. We have not the names of the other officers in full but will give them in our next.

Some twenty-five members of Star of Hope lodge were in attendance on the occasion. After adjournment an excellent supper was provided for the guests from here, of which all partook with a relish. The ride home in the evening was a delightful one and all seemed highly pleased with the excursion.

Flora Lindsay, *or Passages in an eventful life*.—This new work of Mrs. Moodie's is a truly delightful one. Under the light veil of fiction, and an assumed name, it is really an auto-biography of that amiable and exemplary woman, the authoress herself. The thrilling passages in her eventful life before starting to the new world. It describes in a life-like and interesting manner, the scenes which she passed through, and the characters which she met with, both before she left England, and also while on a long, and perilous passage across the ocean. Although it bears the stamp of truth on every page, it exceeds any work of fiction we have ever read in enduring, still ever-varying interest. De Witt & Davenport Publishers; 160 and 162, Nassau St., New York. Price, 75cts cloth, 50cts paper.—*Mon. Rep.*

A copy of the above work has been laid on our table but we have not found time to read it. We see it everywhere favorably noticed and suppose it to be well worth reading. It can be obtained at White's in this city.

Ruth A. Gage.—The papers about which you write are all sent regularly. There is no mistake here.

☞ A temperance paper extending its views into the region of tobacco exclaims;—"What a splendid figure the apostle Paul would have made, had he gone about to proclaim the sublime truth of Christianity with a quid of tobacco and a long nine in his mouth!" The use of tobacco should debar a man from the pulpit, as much as the drinking of rum.

☞ The Anniversary of the Western Anti-Slavery Society is to be held in Salem, Ohio, on the 26th, 27th and 28th of August.

For The Lily.

WHAT WOMAN NEEDS.

Perhaps there is not at this time anything that woman so much needs, or that is so loudly, or so earnestly called for by all true reformers, as a realizing sense of her own wrongs, her influence and her responsibilities as individuals and as a sex; or in other words, a useful and rightly directed Education. That woman possesses influence and responsibilities, and labors and suffers under wrongs, and inwardly pleads for liberty, is a truth of which no more proof is necessary than the taking of a thoughtful glance down the vista of social life. And that this want of attention to that which influences and should interest her most, is the result of wrong, of deep wrong in her education, is also a proposition of which proof is scarcely necessary; for 'tis education that forms, more than all else, the strength and purposes of the mind; and were those purposes properly formed, and rightly directed, woman would possess sufficient devotion to the right to ever live to do good. In a variety of things connected with her education does this wrong consist; but perhaps in no one thing more than in the want of deep, individual thought. Woman does not reason sufficiently; she is not taught to think and act independently; but, on the contrary, to look to others for her ideas, sentiments and principles—for her philosophy and religion. Neither her domestic labors, nor the position she now occupies in society is calculated to stimulate independent action of mind, and as a mass, she is not by far intellectually what she is capable of becoming. To her, too often Nature is a sealed book, because she has not been taught to read from her pages. The natural sciences, philosophy, mathematics and metaphysics are alike irksome and uninteresting; the most beautiful exhibitions of nature are of no more worth than the pleasing of the fancy; and the most delicately tinted and useful flower, of no more value than its imperfect symbol of paper and wax; nor a botanical or geological excursion more to be prized than an evening's promenade. Neither do the wrongs and sufferings of her sex obtain from her any sympathy or attention. She seems blind to the fact that she is wronged in almost every position which she occupies; and while she is often not permitted to retain and govern, as her own judgment should direct, either her children or her property, we hear her reiterate the plea that "Woman has rights enough!" While many are starving upon unrequited labor, she will assert that "Woman's sphere is wide enough!"

In view of these facts, what is there that woman so much needs as the arousing of her mind to a sense of her true condition and responsibilities, by stimulating her to independent thought and action? Then, and not until then, will woman take the high position designed her by nature. Then will she possess true beauty and symmetry of both body and mind. Then will the sciences of Phrenology and Psychology be both understood and practiced. And not only will the effect be felt by woman, but by the whole world; and greatly will it hasten the time when "all shall learn to live the true life."

Then how important that the change be speedily effected! Great must be the patience and power, and firm the hope and zeal, which would accomplish this, as it must materially change the influences thrown around her from the nursery to the grave. But it can be accomplished; and as it is the object of every true reformer, "the cloud, at first no larger than a man's hand," long since began to rise, and with Heaven's blessing, will continue to spread until it overshadows and purifies the earth. A. B.

Mt. Gilead, Ohio.

☞Some ill-natured critic says that "it has recently been discovered that it is necessary for ladies who wear wafer soled shoes, to have from ten to fifty dollars' worth of furs around the neck and wrists, in order to maintain a uniform heat of the system."

☞It is common to speak of those whom a flirt has jilted, as her victims. This is a grave error; her real victim is the man whom she accepts.

CORRESPONDENCE.

IOWA.

Fairfield, Jefferson County, Iowa, June 4th.

Dear Mrs. Bloomer:—You see I am still held in the beautiful state of Iowa. This is the rainy season, and most of the days have been blest with showers; still, vegetation is fine, and notwithstanding the storms, things look bright and pleasant. I have given eighteen lectures in this State, and if I thought the people of Ohio would come out as liberally to hear Woman's Rights and Temperance through their towns and villages, I should be tempted to come *home* and look into old familiar faces, and peer about the old, long-loved hills and vales once more.

Just think of getting seventy-three signers to a Temperance pledge in a country place, where fifteen years ago there was scarcely a settler. In the neighberhood of Belle Fountaine, Marion County, the farms look now as if they had been cultivated for fifty years, so free are they from stumps and obstructions to the plow, so surrounded by groves and clumps of trees that look like parks highly improved. These farms would set a dweller among the hills of Ohio, half-demented. One man cried out in the stage yesterday, "Well, I do say this is e'en ejist the garden of Eden, any how!" Another who was hunting a home said it made him think of Paradise.

Just whisper to your readers that they will neither be out of the world, nor out of the fashion in Iowa. They might have been in the days of ox-teams; but the merchant's wives don't go east for nothing.

Who cares for log-cabins, for a day or two, when the only trouble is that they are so full of comfort that one can't take it all in?

Good schools are springing up at all points. They have a fine Normal shool at Oskaloosa, for boys and girls. At Pella, a few miles from Oskaloosa, said to be one of the most beautiful towns in the State, a College was founded last week, and this week school commences. I was told that they intended equal privileges should be granted the sexes, but I do not speak from authority. I hope it is so. I could not visit Pella, but every one gave it a fine report.

Oskaloosa will compare well with any inland town in Ohio, of its size, in point of intelligence and morality. One hundred buildings, so said, will be erected this year; small 'tis true, but sufficient for the wants of the new comers.

But I have not seen a woman in Iowa dressed in "Bloomer"—only think of gathering strawberries in these wide, wild beds, or going a fishing in the meandering streams in long skirts! Write them a chapter. *They are too fashionable.*

Frances D Gage.

For The Lily.

MORE MISCHIEF.

Dear Mrs. Bloomer:—I find that "Senex" in his comments upon Harper's Editor is hardly posted up in the later entries made in the journal of progress; that is, if we can rely upon the public press.

It is now about seven years since the Legislature of Maine secured to married women "some right to their own property;" and instead of retracing their steps, as advised by said Editor, the last Legislature enacted a law securing to wives their own wages ! ! !

Just think of *that*, ye lovers of liberty—ye freemen of the nineteenth century—ye who shed your blood as water, and pour out your treasure as falling snow that ye may do whatsoever ye will with your own! Think, what a hue and cry is raised when ye have only permitted your sisters and daughters the right to withhold from their husbands their own hard-earned, or inherited property, so that in case of tyranny or drunkenness, they can use it for themselves and their helpless babes, and prevent the greedy grasp of his relatives, if he happen to die childless. "Wives," we are told, "must not have such liberties: *and unless our legislators retrace their steps there is danger of mischief past all remedy!*" From whom are these ebullitions of pious horror? From christian editors! professed disciples of Him who taught us to do unto others as we would have others do unto us. The immortal Channing spoke truly when he said, "Christendom needs Christianizing to the very core." I can never record such enactments with their attendant opposition, and call them progress, but I anticipate the blush of shame with which posterity will read those monuments of ignorance and narrow-minded selfishness of their ancestors, while claiming to be oracles of wisdom, and adepts in righteousness. They will doubtless regard them as we now regard "the most righteous clemency of his holiness," Pope Gregory VII., or "the divine justice of his most Christian Majesty," Philip II. of Spain, Yours, &c.,

Mt. Carroll, June, 1854. J. Frohock.

Greenville, May 9th, '54.

Mrs. Bloomer:—A friend having furnished me with a copy of your little sheet, the "emblem of purity," with much prejudice I seated myself, a few days since, for the purpose of perusing its contents. After reading a few articles relating to woman's present position in society, among which was Mrs. Stanton's address to the New York Legislature, I found, much to my surprise, my prejudice gradually giving place to a true sense of my *ignorance* in regard to my own privileges and restraints in common with those of my sex. Truly "Ignorance is bliss," but with a clear perception of that ignorance 'tis greatly the reverse.

Since that time I have perused several copies of The Lily, and find accounts of good accomplished by persons whose names are as familiar as household words; among whom are Lucy Stone and Antoinette L. Brown. While reading of them memory has reverted to school-girl days, and fancy has replaced me in my accustomed seat by their side at the table of our boarding-house in——. And resolves I then made to do *my* part towards spreading the knowledge of the truth throughout the world, come crowding into my mind causing me to blush that public opinion should so have blinded my eyes and deadened the zeal I then possessed.

Upon presenting a copy of The Lily to a "Miss" a few days since, her response was that "she did love to see the *gentlemen wait upon the ladies*, and she feared were we to possess equal rights with the opposite sex, we should be treated with less courtesy than at present." This novel objection, although the least cause of alarm upon my part, led to a little animated conversation concerning the probability that any true gentleman, such alone as we should wish to be associated with upon familiar terms, should regard us with less politeness, on the account of our possessing equal privileges with himself? Are we treated with gentility through pity for our forlorn condition? And is it an unspeakable privilege to remain in this state in order that we may be the weak recipients of some greatly needed favor, vouchsafed perchance with a half regret that our position in society should oblige him to make the sacrifice? Does observation teach us that the lowest conditioned in society are treated with the greatest respect, or regarded with the kindliest feeling?

We observe the slender form bowed with grief and imbecility, modestly extending her hand for a mere pittance, is rudely brushed aside by the potent arm of the pompous lord; and does it appear probable that the same form will be pushed aside more rudely when in an erect position, with a smile of joy upon her lips, she presents herself before her equal, and manifests her ability even to assist him in case of necessity? Will that widowed lady, whose physical frame is tottering in weakness, be less likely to gain a seat in that densely crowded house, because, forsooth, she can hold her property in the same unmolested manner that her deceased husband could have done had she gone before? But this objection is too small to require much argumentation. E. G. E.

☞We learn from the Cincinnati *Columbian* that the question in regard to the constitutionality of the new Liquor Law will be tried in the October term of the District Court on a writ of error granted by the Supreme Court of the State.

Written for The Lily.

UNIVERSAL LABOR.

BY MRS. E. J. EAMES.

The door of God's great work-house standeth open;
  Dweller outside! gird up thy loins and enter:
Many there are mid grievous burdens groping—
  Lend thou a helping hand: pierce to the center
Of the hard task-work lying thick about thee;
  Finding *what* duties thou mayest best perform,
Ere the night come, and it is done without thee!
  Come with an earnest mind; a ready aim—
And thou wilt find that in this general union
  Thy being is not objectless and vain,
But laboring with others in communion—
  Thyself a useful link in that great chain
Which binds thy fellow workers unto thee,
  And which thy hands will clasp, e'en through Eternity!

CHICAGO, 1854.

Written for The Lily.

A SCRAP.

BY MRS. R. M. SANFORD.

A voice on the gale, 'tis the voice of the slave,
Like a maniac's shriek when the worst passions rave,
From the north, from the south, from the east, from the west,
The voice always sounds—sounds without rest.
  'Tis Fashion, Pride and Power's wild wail,
  From mountain height, from lowly vale,
  The same infernal note rolls up,
  To crush the soul when it would cope
  With higher, nobler, better things,
  And soar with free unfettered wings,
  Where genius waits to bless mankind
  With Art and Liberty refined,—
  But waits to pour her stores in vain,
  For gold and crime and self must reign;
And truth must sink in a sulphurous wave,
For the land of the free—is the land of the slave!

NEW LONDON, O., 1854.

From the Home Visitor.

A LETTER FROM KATE HARRINGTON.

FARMINGTON, IOWA, June 13th, 1854.

DEAR VISITOR: I have just laid aside my sewing and taken pen in hand to have a social one sided chat with your numerous readers. To begin without further preface; I am almost persuaded to become an advocate for woman's rights. To myself this acknowledgment seems passing strange; for only a fortnight ago, when asked if I were in favor of woman's rights, I replied, unhesitatingly 'No indeed! And what has wrought this change? I will explain. One morning last week my father informed me that the stage coach had brought to our village Mrs. Frances D. Gage and that she would lecture on the ensuing evening. Notwithstanding the mountain of prejudice existing in my mind against persons on like missions, I determined to go, more I must confess, from curiosity to behold one of my own sex occupying the pulpit than any other motive. Before the evening shadows began to fall I found myself on my way to see (not the advocate of woman's rights I persisted) but the sweet poetess, whose heart-gushing verses had so often charmed me—the dear "Aunt Fanny," whose ready pen has added so much to the happiness of the children of our land.

"How will she meet me?" was my first thought; as I sat awaiting her appearence. "Shall I feel awed in the presence of one endowed with no ordinary share of talent?" A glance at her pleasant countenance as she entered dispelled all fears; and even before I felt the warm grasp of the hand, or the lips pressed to my own, I knew that I should love her.

We have no newspaper in our village, and it was only by word of mouth that her intention to lecture was made known; consequently the first night the audience was much smaller than it would otherwise have been.

A tremor passed through my frame as she entered the pulpit. Was she in her sphere? Was it proper for her to stand there and boldly proclaim equal rights with man? Had she lost all the sensitiveness of woman's nature? How soon I learned these mental interrogations did her gross injustice! how sudden was the revulsion of feeling when I saw her strugle to suppress the rising agitation, ere she trusted her voice with words! how earnestly did I bend forward to catch the first low accents that fell from her lips, while my heart kept repeating "Oh? if she *should* fail.

But she did not fail—far from it. Though the interest deepened on every side, tho' the hearts of her hearers seemed to rise with her own vivid imagination, as she illustrated her argument by the flight of the eagle, and spoke so appropriately of the wing of the mother-bird being as unfettered as its mate, though she pictured to our view with such distinctness as only those can who have a just appreciation of the beautiful in nature, how much less lovely would be the spotless petals of the lily, or the rich carnation of the rose were they bereft of heaven's warm sunshine or refreshing dews; and proved how infinitely superior is woman when exerting all the energies with which the Creator has endowed her, filling the place for which Heaven designed her, to those sensitive creatures whose every thought is engrossed by fashion and folly—though her flights were as soul-stirring as those indulged in by orators of the sterner sex, her voice throughout was just as low and earnest as when she first began. Then, for the first time did I fully understand that woman's nature need not be changed to aspire to the pulpit, the bar or the professional chair; that the mother would caress her babe none the less tenderly, on returning from the bed of the dying with her heart full of gratitude and love, simply because she had stood there in the capacity of a physician. That the wife would sympathise none the less fully with the husband, when weary and exhausted he sought his home for rest and quiet, because she had held the scales of justice, and plead nobly for the widow and the orphan. That the sister would listen with no diminished attention to her brother's voice of eloquence as it breathed forth the words of eternal life, simply because she had proclaimed from the sacred desk, before an assembled multitude "I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ."

The lecture gave entire satisfaction, and at our urgent request she remained with us another evening, when she addressed a large and attentive audience. On the following morning she left us, to regret nothing but that her stay had been far too short; and now when her image comes before me as it has a thousand times since her departure, her silvered locks and furrowed brow showing the impress of time's fingers, her exquisitely beautiful verses, so extensively copied seem whispered in my ear.

Will you my dear *Visitor* as a parting request allow me to insert them in your columns for the reperusal of your numerous readers. If permission be granted I shall remain sincerely and gratefully your friend.

KATE HARRINGTON.

O! NO, I'M NOT OLD.

BY MRS. FRANCES D. GAGE.

O! no, I'm not old; though the age frost is cresting
  With silvery rime, my once "bonny brown" hair,
And wide and deep furrows are quietly resting
  On my brow, just to tell that long years have been there.

O! no, I'm not old, though my footsteps are growing
  More feeble and slow, and my laugh is less gay,
And the rose on my cheek hath long since ceased its glowing,
And my eyes grow more dim, and my strength flies away.

Though the rose from my lip and my cheek has departed,
  On the face of my first-born 'tis resting full-blown,
And I feel, when I see her so kind and true-hearted,
  It is sweeter by far than it was on my own.

O! no, I'm not old; Time hath never oppress'd me,
  Though he filched for my Mary the brown of my hair,
And the glance of her eye, as, but now, she caressed me,
  Showed the light of my own was but lingering there.

I have given my strength to my boys who are bounding
  Their ball with fleet limbs on the hill-side to-day
And their light, pealing laugh to mine ear hath a sounding
  As my own used to have in the sunshine of May.

O! no, I'm not old—though I've lent all my graces,
  My vigor and strength for the toil and the strife,
To these loved ones of mine, who must soon take their places
  And go forth to fight in the battle of life.

But O! if unflinching they go forth to duty,
  Ever fearless and free, and with heart true and brave,
My spirit will dwell in a temple of beauty,
  More brilliant by far than my youth ever gave.

O! no, I'm not old; though the frame is decaying,
  The *me* that's within is still buoyant and strong,
And I trust while on earth 'tis its lot to be staying,
  That virtue and love will its freshness prolong.

The beauty of Nature, its bud and its blossom,
  The song of the bird and the sunset's deep glow,
Are as sweet to my eye and as dear to my bosom
  As they were in the spring-time of life, long ago.

O! no, I'm not old, 'tis not wrinkles nor furrows,
  Or the number of years that should shroud us in gloom,
But the blighting of hope, 'mid life's trial and sorrows
  May wither the heart till it longs for the tomb.

Dark passion or wrong has my spirit ne'er shrouded
  In the circle of home there is no vacant chair,
My life with misfortune has never been clouded;
  Why should I be old and bow down in despair?

But should guilt, crime and shame fold in sorrow and sadness
  One loved one of mine—then my pulse would grow cold,
My spirit no longer soar upward in gladness,
  O! then I'd be weary, and way-worn and old.